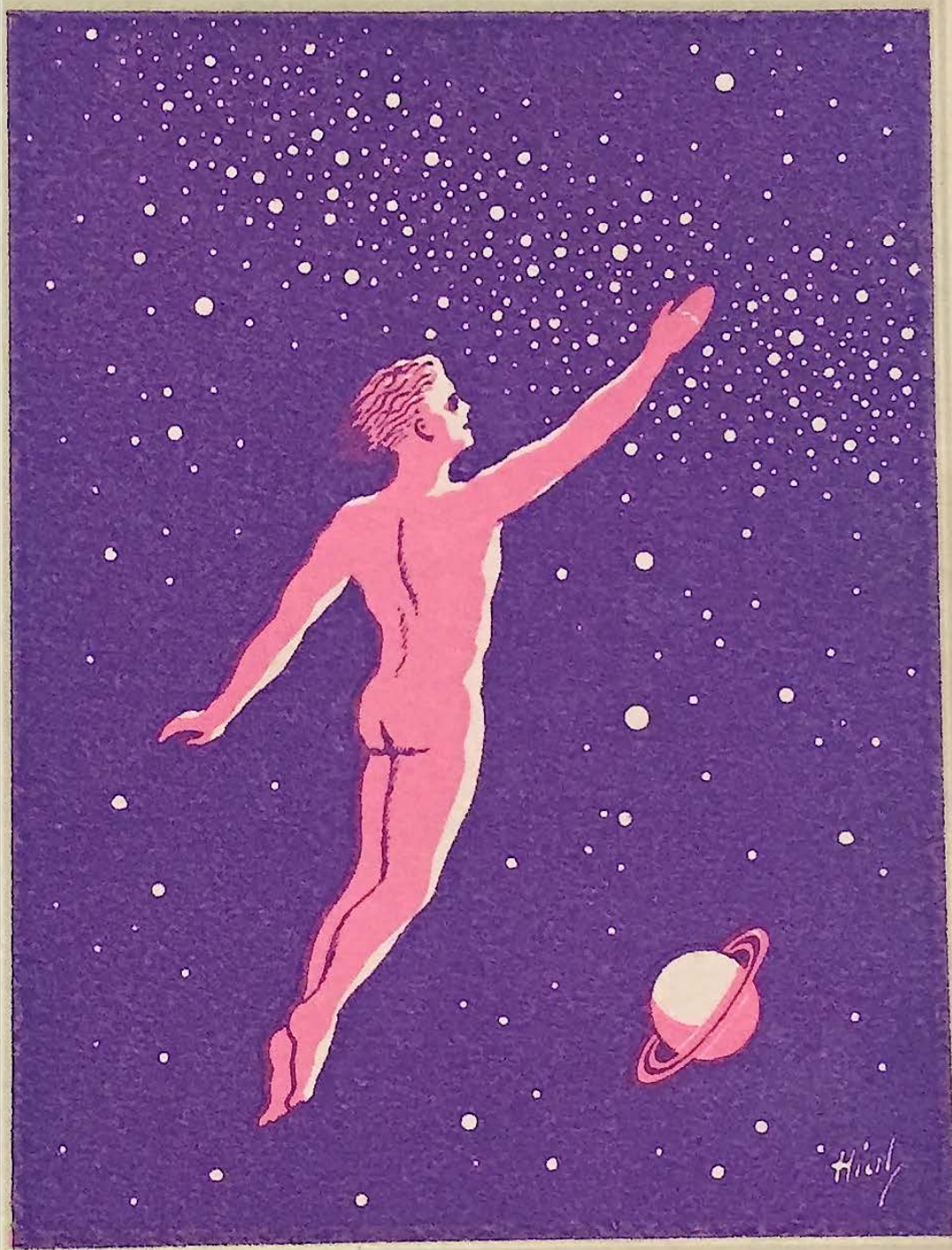


Reality

Consciousness has Many Octaves
and All Together Produce Reality

JANUARY
1938



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Reality

Magazine

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WE MAKE NEW WORLDS OF WISDOMS
CLIMBING UP OLD GALAXIES!

¶ What are these Mysteries everywhere pressing us? Rumor rides in on the east wind; there is lightning in the north; the sun slants down the west and smothers Life with twilight; the twilight makes whisperings in a ghostly tongue; the day shall break southward and its color shall be red.

¶ So the Fear creeps hydra-legged from the cellars of men's spirits. The hand that pushes the Pen is palsied. The blind is drawn on the casement of conceits and shutters are bolted on panes moist with death-dews. "It is the Way of All Flesh," the Preacher whispers cravenly. Man shrivels at such speech, and waxes mean of vision.

¶ Away with the whole of it! We have come into earth-life to behold its Demonstration. We have come leaping into the arena of fantasy to see Holy Spirit making merry at a carnival. God is a Sweet Humorist whose jests contain no rancor.

¶ The Soul of Man is an ulcer of curiosity, wrought in a bubble of translucence, made to fetch and carry that its mentality grow substance. What though it stumbled on the Tableland and fell the Long Slide into the Abyss of Mortality? What though Brain and Lungs and Heart and Biceps pounced out and devoured it, and the dragon of mechanics toy amusedly with both? The adventure of it is thrilling. There are solutions to be conjured.

¶ How to get out is not the enigma. Men ever die upward, back to the Tableland, up into the sunshine. But to look about steadfastly, to fear the pattern of no black crag, to play in green pastures and splash in sweet waters, to examine what manner of Consciousness laughs in an echo across its fens, to see that everything is GOOD!—that is the miracle that awaits to be walked in.

¶ And we shall unravel it! Fear is but the carnal-house we have built to roof our Ignorance. To explore and to learn is to laugh and enjoy. The Great Secret to be uncovered in all the universe



is the tulip-bud of revelation pushing valiantly upward through tough soils of superstitions that naught is ever lost, that there is but a totality of substance making Cosmos and that the fantasy called Perishment is only Form in transfer.

¶ So through and by the Bubbles of our Vehicles we examine the Greater Bubble of Mundanity in which we find ourselves encased. And like the sportive goldfish in his bowl, open to all sunlight, we wiggle our tails in harmless mischief and ask God, "What next? We want to prove it joyous."

¶ Only Knowledge is REALITY. All else save knowledge is pattern in vapors. Our Godhood is our ability to think, to use knowledge knowingly, to recognize and admit the sweet harmlessness of God, to search whatever form it is in which we find our Bubble Selves and come away saying: "I mean to remember it!"

¶ So we make new worlds of wisdoms as we climb up old galaxies. Today's acceptance was yesterday's necromancy. Does a stair creak in the night? Is there a footstep where no form is visible? Mayhap a soul seeks a doughnut in the night, forgetting that it has lost its body wherewith the pastry is digested. Does a harp play in lost halls of grandeur? How shall we tell the harpist that he is not of earth, that he shouldst be elsewhere about more spiritual business?

¶ We are spirits clad in veils. Man by man was never seen. Life succeeds to life. Multiple experiences explore through many mansions. We do not stand afraid of creaking stairways in the night, for these are brethren who do tread them, seeking their lost hearthopes, aching to know the bliss of sweet forgetfulness.

¶ So let us know our destinies. Our summonings enshroud us. We are points of light in star-worlds, seeking a wisdom of that which soul illuminates. The universe too is radiance. There can be no dark Corner in it. So say we in eclat, trying out our pinions, knowing the utmost Main Street of Betelguese yet laughing with Jehovah that men should mold in littleness.

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WHY THE SUPERNATURAL SENDS MOST PEOPLE INTO PANIC



ABOUT forty years ago, when the editor of this periodical was a small boy up in a Massachusetts city, an altogether eerie thing happened at about two o'clock of a midsummer's morning. He lived with his parents opposite a church that had a belfry and lofty spire. In the belfry, of course, was a bell. It was a deep-toned and ponderous old bell. It called the faithful to divine services the week around and twice a day on Sundays. The sexton doffed his coat in a corner of the vestibule on Sabbath morning, gave the bell-rope a tremendous tug, hung his whole weight upon it and then released it. If he had not released it, he might have been borne abruptly upward and had his head bashed on the ceiling. You knew when the bell was about to peal forth, because the front of the church structure rumbled. I emphasize this point to call your attention to the weight of the bell, making what subsequently happened all the more mysterious ✠ ✠

Divine services for the Sabbath were over, the church closed and locked, and all good Methodists of the vicinity were soundly snoring in their beds, when all at once through the coma of their slumbers intruded a dolorous noise.

The bell on Asbury Methodist Church was ringing!

Ringling, perhaps, is not the proper

word. Droning might be better. Ringing implies wild peals of metallic sound. What was happening in Asbury Church steeple was some sort of mechanical convulsion that every few minutes caused the bell to give forth a supernatural Dong!

Good wives of the neighborhood sat abruptly up in bed and exclaimed to foggy husbands: "What's the church-bell sounding for at this hour of the night?" Foggy husbands said "Huh?" then sat up in bed and listened themselves. In twenty nearby bedchambers, sundry males grabbed nervously for pants. Lights appeared in upper windows. Half-clad people emerged upon verandas ✠ ✠

Asbury Church itself showed not a light anywhere. It bore every aspect of the closed and locked religious edifice at two a. m. of a Monday morning. Yet no mistake about it, every two or three minutes the bell up there in the dark would give forth a deep-toned and lugubrious Dong!



SOMEONE telephoned promptly to the sexton. He cut across neighboring lawns to get to the front of the church, fastening his garments as he came. He found a sizable group of householders in dishabille, soon joined by the neighborhood patrolman, staring up at the belfry from the lawn.

It must be a dove tangled in the bell-rope, the wiseacres decreed.

Old Man Wright, the sexton, swallowed his Adam's Apple as he produced his keys, and said that was impossible; the shutters to the belfry had been strongly screened to prevent the pigeons befouling the bell-loft. Besides, the bell-cable was an inch and one-half thick. Nothing less than a small horse could become sufficiently entangled in the huge strand to make it result in the supernatural donging of that bell.

And that bell continued to dong at intervals regularly spaced, even while the group augmented into a crowd.

"Who's up there?" shouted the unnerved policeman. "Whoever's up there, I order you down, in the name of the Law!" Silence followed this command. Then "Dong!" went the bell at the end of a minute.

Meanwhile Old Man Wright had gained access to the vestibule. Someone fetched a lantern, for flashlights were not invented.

There hung the bell cable—motionless. Even when the silence of early summer's morning was broken by another "Dong!" the big rope showed not the sign of a quiver.

"The bell's ringing without the bell-rope going!" Such was the unnerving word passed from mouth to mouth.

My father, being a deacon in the church, together with the patrolman and the sexton, announced that they were going into the bell-loft to solve the unhallowed phenomenon.

They went up into the gallery of the auditorium, unlocked the little-used door to the belfry, and started up the narrow ladder-steps that ended in the bell-loft.

Above them the big bell upon its mount, loomed eerily in half-light. Dad's head and shoulders came even with the flooring. They passed him up the lantern and he lifted it to light the place 🌿 🌿

"There's absolutely nothing up here at all!" he called down.

"DONG!" went the bell, within seven feet of father.

I nearly became parentless at that moment, for dad dropped the lantern in his terror, and nearly dropped himself on the heads of the small group beneath him. The trap-door he had vacated, stayed open.

"Dong!" said the big bell again, as though mocking them through its aperture 🌿 🌿

"There's a Haunt in the belfry!" was the whispered terror of those whom no amount of curiosity could impel to enter the edifice.

"It's the Devil himself, choosing this hour to profane sacred things!" This from the more orthodox.

"Dong!" boomed the bell in the summer-morning's quiet.

The pastor himself, who lived a dozen blocks away, now put in appearance. He was a tall, carnivorous-looking personage with an ox-yoke moustache which the impious described as a Soup-Strainer. Being shepherd of that nocturnally-aroused flock, or at least such portions of it as were not remaining in the security of adjacent piazzas, he led the way back into the church to the bottom of the bell ladder. "Dong-dong!" bespoke the bell, without awe for the cloth.

"It's pigeons!" he said huskily.

"It's not pigeons!" cried my father—the patrolman—Old Man Wright. "We've been up and looked."

"It must be pigeons," decided the parson, "because it can't be anything else!" By the same token did the man reason theologically from his pulpit, for which his congregation paid him a salary.

"Dong!" said the bell, reminding them anew that it was the cause of their dis-sension 🌿 🌿

"Then all I can say is," The Cloth concluded, "Holy Spirit has its hand upon that bell-tongue, and is using it to impart some sort of warning to us!"

It had to be a warning.

Whenever did Holy Spirit attempt any earthly noise for any other purpose

than to sound a warning? ~~to to~~
"Maybe it's the first sign that the world is coming to an end!" speculated Old Man Jennings, noted for evangelism in his prayer-meeting testimony.

The Pastor took the lantern in his quaking hand and went up the ladder a rung at a time.

"Dong!" went the clapper of the bell, without hand upon it, even as he watched it. The pastor came back down and mopped himself profusely.

"I think we should pray," he announced—when he could find the strength to speak.

By this time the crowd below had swollen till it filled the lawns to the opposite houses.

"They're going to hold a prayer-meeting and ask God to discharge the demon in the belfry!" was the word passed around. And even small babies awoke from their slumbers and started their bawling at such unwarranted disturbance ~~to to~~



OW panic-struck, Supernaturalism seized hold of that crowd. Here was something happening outside the laws of that which was Known. God

—or demons—had long-since been invented by human initiative to function in just such emergencies. When an event cannot be explained by processes that are obvious to the dullest intelligence, then Spirits must be at work!

As the time moved on toward 2:30 and the Asbury bell continued its uncanny performing, scarcely a man, woman, or youngster among those spectators—or auditors—remained, who had not concluded that here was a demonstration of the literality of either angels or devils. So the Good Man stood in the center of his deacons, all lit by spooky lantern-light, and prayed!

He prayed to the Giver of Every Good and Perfect Gift to bestow on them the boon of knowledge.

Who in hell was working that clapper

in the belfry, that once in ninety seconds the dratted thing went BOOM? Of course the man of God did not say "who in hell" but he meant it by his puzzlement ~~to to~~

Undoubtedly the Almighty left off His judging of The Sinful in Valhalla at 2:30 of midsummer's morning, to answer the emergency petition of this little coterie of neighbors in their night-shirts, frightened witless by a church-bell that gave off noise without cause.

¶ At any rate, that the Almighty would do so was implied by the parson's supplication. And he continued to mop as he chattered through his appeal to celestuality to take time off and help them solve this mystery.

The funny part was: God must have heard the prayer, for the outcome was, He answered it!

He answered it in the shape of Old Man Higgins.

Old Man Higgins was the local clock-fixer and community atheist.

Old Man Higgins never attended divine service, he Made Remarks about Old Man Jennings who recounted on Thursday nights before his neighbors all the things that Jesus had done for his soul, he read six-pound books on Forbidden Subjects, and once he had gone into some sort of devil's trance and told old Mrs. Sweeney where to locate her erring daughter. All the tramps who visited the neighborhood went to Old Man Higgins' door when good church people wouldn't feed them and thus encourage improvidence, and when the Sweeney girl was persuaded to return home it was Old Man Higgins who arranged it somehow that the traveling book-agent should marry her, and no nonsense about it. He didn't use a shotgun to do it, either. He didn't believe in shotguns, not even to shoot birds ~~to to~~

Old Man Higgins now appeared from nowhere. For the first time in his life he actually placed his presence in a church. "Gimme that lantern!" he said without unction.



WHILE Old Man Higgins was gone into the belfry, the Sanctified and the Saved held their innings. Old Man Higgins was not fearful of ascending to the steeple and confronting the devil, because Old Man Higgins was on such good terms with the devil the week around. Meantime, those of us down on the lawn saw the ghostly gleam of his lantern through the slats of the belfry shutters.

Ninety seconds more transpired, one hundred and eighty seconds, two hundred and seventy! It suddenly occurred to the pious roundabout that the erie donging was missing in its beat. In fact, it had STOPPED!

There was no doubt about it, whatever the cause had been, Old Higgins had fixed it.

But "Atheist" Higgins' behavior on ascending to the vestibule was suddenly as mysterious as the noise had been panic-making. He placed his finger to his lips. He beckoned for the parson and his deacons—not overlooking the local patrolman—to follow him quietly.

¶ Across Hancock Street the disquieted group of them followed the clock-maker, through Hezekiah Cooley's side yard, along through his grape-arbor, and through the back gate into O'Brien's henyard. "Three of you go around one side of the chicken coop," he whispered. "The rest of us will take the other. Whoever starts to run from the shadows of the henhouse, GRAB him!" 🌿 🌿

Of course, as a normal small boy I was by no means staying behind and clutching my mother's skirts. Six to a dozen men converged on the chicken-coop 🌿

¶ There was sudden tumult by night on the premises of one O'Brien.

Five silhouetted forms bolted wildly from shadow! And the "bagging" commenced. My dad caught one, the patrolman caught two. Old Man Wright, the sexton, tried to bag himself one, but tripped on a hen-run and

went headlong through window-glass. Fifty-seven roosters started crowing all at once, and the hens began fanning the ceiling of the place, losing their best feathers in a rush to get out. Two nocturnal mischief-makers got safely away, though one hooked the O'Brien clothesline with his nose and nearly did a somersault before it broke and let him loose 🌿 🌿

So much for supernaturalism!

A wild youth of the neighborhood named Figgers had gotten up to the belfry with four of his young hoodlum companions during divine service that Sabbath night, and tied a two-hundred-foot fishline to the tongue of the bell. Tossing the reel of the line down outside, they had unwound it till it spanned the distance to the back of O'Brien's hencoop. Waiting till two a.m., it gave them pleasure to arouse and mystify the neighborhood.

Fearless Old Man Higgins had examined the moving clapper closely with the lantern's light and seen what the pastor and deacons had missed—the thin tough thread, invisible in shadow!



OF COURSE, it's a pity to spoil a good mystery by exposing its secret as adolescent roguery. But forty years afterward, engaged in the business of investigating a more serious form of "supernaturalism," I found—like Old Man Higgins—that what the pious pray most hectically to be delivered from, is naught but adolescent mischief or idiocy in some octave of Consciousness that requires only Light to disclose the hidden fishline.

People who talk of Psychical Research being "traffick with the devil" are but placing themselves in the category of those worshippers about that church, suggesting that it was no wonder Old Man Higgins was unafraid to ascend to that belfry, he summoned up the devil on so many occasions in the back room of his clock shop! 🌿 🌿

By no means do I imply by this, that all seeming supernatural phenomena has its basis in material naturalism. ¶ I am saying that mysteries are only mysteries because we assent to regard them as such—that when we ascend into belfries of Spirit and turn the light closely on what seems to be “eerie” when regarded from terra firma, we discover that no occurrence is ever uncanny.

We only are frightened by what we do not understand.

I once owned a mare that would try to climb out the barn window if she saw a rocking bushel-basket. She would find her way patiently through the darkest road at midnight. I could drive her past locomotives and puffing steamrollers. But let my foot happen to strike the empty corn basket and she decidedly wanted OUT!

And nine-tenths of human folks are similarly petrified by those rocking bushel-baskets that are psychical phenomena. ¶

People are instinctively terrified, of course, at being confronted by forces with which they have no tools to cope. ¶ Tell the average man stopping at an inn that the passageway is haunted at midnight by a dog without a head, and he will betake him through the window-sash, abandoning his luggage.

Just what a dog without a head could do to him, is problematical. Dogs possessed of heads could most certainly bite him grievously—if they suddenly took the notion. Yet he does not feel alarm. ¶

No mortal in flesh has ever reported on precisely the technique to employ in seizing and chaining a canine whose head is missing, and being at such loss, the mortal soul is palsied.

Why not let the miserable pooch go on snoofing without its pate, if it delights in doing so. What the sensible mortal should be interested in, is how a cur manages to get about, lacking the mind-equipment allotted unto dogs. ¶ ¶ Psychical Research is the entrancing

business of finding out how the psyche, or soul, performs, no matter what octave in Consciousness it occupies.



NINE-TENTHS of the so-called supernatural phenomena that the average person contacts in his life, is made by one of two causes: the motivating Consciousness is either that of some mischievous child, not one whit different from the Figgers boy's companions behind O'Brien's hencoop, who have found out the secret of moving or motivating materials in this Third Dimension from the octave in which they live and do their pranking, or they are just poor, perplexed, stumbling and groping souls who have shed their bodies or otherwise lost them, and do not know what to do about it, or where they are, or how to awaken from the distressing “dream” in which they find themselves.

They conceive of themselves in the beloved earthly environments they have come to know and trust, and because they think of them so strongly, they project a condition where they exert a material behavior in such earthly environments. ¶

Pretty soon equally as ignorant mortals are flying from their beds, taking the bedclothes with them, and refusing to go back to dwell in such environments though the landlord present them with the property rentless.

Consider the plight of the orthodox person, educated throughout his days in the hypothesis that on giving up the ghost he is going to be inducted at once into the presence of God and the angels—but of course in the role of “sinner”—where he is going to be judged for his deeds in the flesh like any vagabond hauled into night court. ¶ Such a one sloughs off his earthly body like a snakeskin. His immortal spirit has lost its material overcoat, but otherwise it's pretty much the same world, although seen through the super-

senses of the eternal consciousness ✠
¶ There is no evidence of any promised court scene. There is no angelic traffic cop ready to grab the sinner and haul him to judgment by scruff of his neck. Everything is calm, peaceful, tranquil. Too tranquil! What on earth has happened? In those months before the prenatal memory is restored, the poor "dead" person may be utterly at a loss, particularly so if it shall long since have lost touch with intimates who have gone on ahead of it.

The After Life is tranquil—yes! But a hoax has been played somewhere. And until the matter is satisfactorily explained, and the new orientation made, that dehoused spirit is in a mental turmoil. It longs with a ghastly homesickness to be back in the familiar environment of the old family homestead, living in the familiar rooms, winding the grandfather's clock which it wound so religiously for sixty-two years, following the formula of its personal habits as though this unpleasant or disquieting Death Business had not occurred at all.

Presently, it does find itself before the familiar clock, winding up the weights. The Thought Urge has been strenuous enough to get the thing consummated. ¶ But Aunt Jane and Cousin Ned have gone through the back door leaving it wide open, in their mortal panic to get to the neighbor's and ask if they can spend the remainder of the night there. ¶ Grandfather's "ghost" just appeared in the side room and wound up the clock! ✠ ✠

And the local clergyman, arriving on call, goes down on his well-worn prayer-bones and evokes the Jewish Jehovah to cleanse the house of demons! ✠ ✠

Few normal people would drive past an old man lying in blood on a highway where some drunken driver has felled him. In all compassion they would go to his assistance, help him up, hurry him to a hospital, seek to sooth and comfort him.

But transfer that same old man's helpless and suffering soul from his physical mechanism, and though he is no less torn and bleeding mentally at discovering the childish hoaxings of orthodoxy, the same people will tremble like aspen leaves at mere disembodied groans. They don't mean to be cruel. They are piteously ignorant.

And theological superstitions train and encourage them in that ignorance. All "spirits" must be "wicked" because their effects on those having bodies is fright ✠ ✠

And all the time, the persons receiving the fright through their ignorance, are naught but the same species of spirits but encased for the moment in an equipment that moves matter. Presently they will find themselves out of such equipment in their own turn—when they too may be scaring others half out of their senses.

Why not call a halt on the whole childish business—just as Old Man Higgins called a halt on the mischievous mystery that rang the summer night's churchbell in my boyhood?

As sensible men and women, of adult mental stature, let us pick up our lanterns, climb to the heights where such phenomena is apparent, and discover for ourselves that there is always a thin, pseudo-invisible line of some sort that always connects the fraught happening with natural Earth! All of us, anyhow, are but spirits clad in veils.

Man by man has never yet been seen! ¶ We are recognized finally, not from the appearances of our corporeal bodies, but from the individualistic conduct that identifies our psyches.

We have lived, each one of us, for a million years without anything of serious consequence happening to us. Therefore there cannot be much of true tragedy in the universe to erase us, or we should have long-since have encountered it.

Why be so squeamish about it still appearing in the future?

A million years is a respectable time!



HOW EXPLAIN THE HAPPENINGS IN CALVADOS CASTLE?



ONE of the most celebrated and widely discussed cases that has interested scientists and students of the Fourth Dimension during the past generation, has been the happenings in Calvados Castle. Experts in psychical phenomena from every part of Europe have come to a consideration of this outstanding display of evidence that forms of conscious life exist having the power to exert energy on material objects in our third dimension although they can neither be seen nor touched by normal men and women in physical bodies ❀ ❀

It would take nearly a page in this magazine to list the names and degrees of the learned men who have assured themselves by investigation and research that what happened in Calvados Castle was in no way tricked, and constitutes an unparalleled series of challenges to the materialist who holds to the illiterate argument that Birth and Death begin and end everything.

Calvados Castle is now pretty much of a ruin in Calvados parish, Normandy, France. But in the year 1875, when the extraordinary nature of transpirings within it began to be noticed and commented upon widely throughout Europe—drawing many scientists to examine it—it was furnished and occupied ❀ ❀

The family, whose members have tried

since to keep from the limelight on account of these uncanny happenings, was emphatically not interested in such activity from the scientific or any other standpoint. It consisted of M. and Mme. du X. and their son; the Abbe Y., tutor to the son; Emile, the coachman; Auguste, the gardener; Amelina, the housemaid; and Celina, the cook. Initials are employed here instead of names, because many of the persons connected with the affair were still living at the time of the world war and the desire is to save them from more present-day publicity.



ON the evening of Wednesday, October 13, 1875, the whole uncanny business began without warning when an armchair in the Abbe's room started to slide about the floor with no visible hands touching it ¶ Back in 1867 there had been a period on the same premises when loud nocturnal noises and blows had been heard, but these gradually had ceased. Now, eight years later, more startling events were about to be precipitated ❀ ❀

Most of the occupants of the old pile were called to witness the movements of the chair. Wondering if imperceptible earth tremors could be causing such movements, they brought gummed paper and affixed the legs of the chair to a space of bare floor.

At about quarter to ten o'clock, as though in a sort of protest, a series of slight raps began on the walls of the Abbe's room, loud enough to be heard by Amelina, who slept in a compartment across the upper passage.

When the maid had aroused and come in, both she and the Abbe heard a noise sounding from the corner of the chamber like the winding of a mammoth clock 🌿 🌿

Then a candlestick on the stone mantelpiece was moved with a grating noise. All at once, despite the gummed paper which was quickly broken, the armchair began a series of travelings with violence about the Abbe's quarters 🌿

The Abbe and the maid at once rang the bell for the owner of the premises, who began and thereafter kept a well-nigh scientific record of all that ensued.

¶ The three spectators next beheld the candle snuffer lifted from the mantel and placed over the candle, exactly as trumpets levitate about a seance room. Another candlestick was thrust about till it overhung the edge of the mantel by about an inch. Next a statuette placed against the mirror was advanced eight inches.

This was the extent of the phenomena that first evening. Two violent blows were struck on the door of the wardrobe at the foot of the Abbe's bed, but thereafter the chamber resumed its serenity 🌿 🌿



INTERMITTENTLY throughout the following day of the 14th, violent blows were heard against the walls in all parts of the castle where woodwork was exposed. But about ten o'clock of the night of Friday, the 15th, both the Abbe and the maid clearly heard footsteps and voices in their intervening corridor, imitating those of the owner of the castle and his wife, as though they were going along the passage to their chamber in company. Then Amelina heard the opening of the

Madam's door—but at first was not frightened, assuming it to be her mistress retiring for the night.

As a matter of fact, it was later established that both master and mistress had been abed and asleep for a matter of two hours.

At a quarter past eleven o'clock everybody throughout the premises was awakened by a violent bombardment of blows coming from one of the big lower parlors, called the Green Room. The racket quickly grew so terrific that it brought the terrified household together. Entering this drawingroom they discerned that the noise was being created inside a huge clothes-press, as though a powerful and angered human being were imprisoned inside it.

Summoning up courage to pull open its door, the master found the press to contain nothing more tangible to the senses than garments on hooks.

This opening of the clothes-press stopped all racket in the Green Room, however. But while the mystified family were gathered there discussing the possible reasons for this sudden uncanny upset, loud thumps and scrapings commenced overhead. Articles of furniture began to be dragged across the flooring, and in many cases permitted to fall heavily. Investigation revealed that furniture in the upper chambers was being upset as though an impish child meant havoc in a temper.

Such occurrences could not be kept quiet from the neighbors, especially with the servants on the verge of flight from panic. Skeptical or scientific-minded people applied to stay overnight in the castle, to witness or hear such phenomena for themselves.

The curate of the parish joined the Abbe, these devout churchmen indicating that if such hijinks were of the devil they would quickly exorcize him out of the place by supplications to The Christ or the Holy Mother. So they thought! 🌿 🌿

But the presence of these prelates seemed to give the Motivating Cause

the desire for still more alarming mischiefs *✠ ✠*

The household had no sooner begun its vigilance for the night when a different kind of phenomenon started. At exactly eleven o'clock, it seemed as though a great iron cannon-ball was being rolled through the corridors at the top of the house, guided to the stairs, and started down those flights, thumping noisily as it dropped from step to step. Turning all corridors and landings, it went down the flights till the ground floor was reached. Then one single loud blow sounded on the walls, followed by a series of muffled thumps. ¶ Until Saturday, October 30th, the place showed no more signs of being haunted than any other domicile in that vicinity *✠ ✠*



SUNDAY evening, the 31st, all the phenomena came back. First, someone went up the stairs with superhuman speed from the ground floor, thumping his "feet" loudly on each landing as he did so. Arriving on the top landing, he gave five heavy blows, so strong that objects suspended on the walls rattled in their places. Then it seemed as if a heavy anvil or big log had been hurled against the wall, with sufficient force to shake the whole floor. ¶ Everyone arose and assembled in the first floor passages. No one could sleep. Intermittent noises continued throughout that night but not so loud as those antics on the stairs.

Three nights later everyone was awakened by resounding steps which quickly ascended the stairs as before. Blows shook the walls. Suddenly the listening and unnerved occupants heard noises as of a heavy elastic body—not unlike a lifeless corpse—rolling down the stairs from the second floor, and jarring each step as it struck.

Arrived on the lower landing, it continued its course along the passage, stopping at the door to the Green

Room. At once began a series of blows on the door of this room as though dealt with a mace or carpenter's mallet *✠* Silence followed this attack on the door.

¶ Presently wholly different sounds were heard. A series of prancing and clicking taps resounded from the empty floors of the halls, precisely such a sound as would have been made had the hoofs of a flock of sheep or goats scampered through the passages of that mysterious house. Thereafter, quiet!

¶ But on Friday, November 5th, came a type of phenomena that seemed to have nothing human about it. Some unseen creature rushed at swift speed up the stairs from the entrance hall, and up to the second floor, with a tread as of two legs deprived of feet and walking upon thick stumps.

The creature on these stumps confined itself that night to exploring the upper house, frequently pounding on the walls in addition, as it disclosed its movements about the premises.



U Ntil the night of the 10th, no voices or outcries had been heard with the single exception of the imitation of master and mistress back in October. But around one a.m. of the evening of the 10th a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and wild wind arrived and made the night hideous. At 1:20 the door to the Green Room was unlatched. There were two loud knocks on the door, three inside the room, finally a prolonged pounding on the second floor.

Then, during a lull in the elements, everybody heard a cry—or a long-drawn trumpet call—clearly audible above the storm. It seemed to come from outside in the grounds. A short time later it was followed by a shriek, then another, as of a woman in the shrubbery calling desperately for help.

¶ At a quarter to two o'clock, all these calls, shrieks, and cries moved directly inside the rooms!

Scarcely had they died with the storm, which lasted until about three a.m., when the galloping animals returned to the rooms and continued until daylight.

¶ On Friday, the 12th, the loud shrill cries repeated, but along toward midnight sounded stifled and plaintive. Particularly were they remarked upon as coming up from cellars. Then louder cries on the upper staircases! At midnight everybody got up, for more insistent cries were heard from the cellars, then inside the Green Room—all resembling those of a woman in awful suffering.

The next night the cries were no longer those of a suffering woman but shrill, furious, despairing cries—as the Abbe wrote in his notebook next morning: “as of demons or the damned . . .”

Thereat, following the nights of cries, came a week of opening and slamming doors, unlatching and raising windows, heaving the furniture about. On Monday, two armchairs in the Madam’s room were found to be stacked with smaller chairs from about the rooms adjoining, although all doors were being purposely locked. On Friday, the Abbe opened the door of his room to find his heavy writing table lifted and deposited in the center of his bed. On Saturday, all armchairs throughout the house were lifted and placed on tables or desks. The couch in the Abbe’s room was found bottom-side up.

At nine o’clock Saturday evening, the noise as of a broom sweeping the upper corridors furiously was heard. On investigating, the maid’s broom was indeed performing—seemingly of its own volition—but fell to the floor with a loud clatter as human eyes beheld its gyrations ¶ ¶

The Abbe decided while absent at Mass on Sunday to nail up his room. He came back to find that the pieces of wood used had been torn out with the nails, no sign of tool having been employed, and placed amid the cushions of his couch.

Had the Abbe essayed to repose on

these cushions, he would have got himself up with alacrity and dispatch!



LL through December the phenomena kept up, although largely of a nature previously described. Two days after Christmas the program in the Abbe’s room was varied by a hurtling of all his books about his floors. A hundred choice volumes were scattered hither and yon—strangely enough the only ones left undisturbed being three copies of the Holy Scriptures, each remaining solitaire in its place on its shelf ¶ ¶

On the evening of December 29th, the mistress of the house heard tumbling about in the Abbe’s room, and becoming somewhat used to the phenomena by now, she started to unlock the door to investigate. The Abbe was behind her ¶ ¶

Just as she was about to apply the heavy key in the lock, it seemed wrenched from her fingers by an invisible force and employed to strike her over the knuckles—raising a bruise that was sore for a week. Inside the room a night-table had been taken into the cabinet where it was resting upside down upon a pillow.

Thereafter came silence throughout the establishment until half an hour after midnight. The master of the house recorded the following in his diary: “As one o’clock approached, we heard four thunderous blows on the door of my wife’s room. To acquire some idea of their violence, one should imagine a wall collapsing, or a horse or four cannon-balls thrown against a door. It would be no exaggeration. The noise then changed over to the other end of the passage, a violent blow coming on the door of the Green Room. Then suddenly, upstairs, a prolonged walking with great strides on the second floor. A witness counted thirty-two of these strides. Forty blows on the Abbe’s door, five muffled blows which

made the walls and furniture tremble on every floor."



S THOUGH all this uproar were not enough, a parish priest who had come in to help exorcise the rampant spirit, heard along towards six a.m.

something like the noise of a creature with boards under its feet, coming into the room adjoining his own, climbing into the side table, passing through the wall, entering upon his bed, and stopping at the level of his left elbow.

This devout man attests that he saw the indentations made by the "boards" as they came across the surface of his resilient featherbed. Whether the priest stayed long in the bed with some unearthly thing making tracks besides his person, is not of record in the data.

On the afternoon of January 25th, at precisely 5:10, the Abbe was reading his breviary in his room. The day outside was perfect—not a cloud in the sky. Suddenly a mass of water fell down the chimney into the fire, extinguishing it with a great hiss of steam, and scattering the ashes all over the hearth. The Abbe was blinded and had the front of his person covered with the ashes.

At 1:30 a.m. that same night, the house was shaken twenty times, then a sound was heard like a bull roaring, followed by other furious inhuman cries in the passage near the mistress's room.

On the night of January 29th, a piercing cry was heard on the stairs, raucous and sharp. It was followed at 12:55 by something like the voice of a man in the first floor passage crying twice: "Ha! ha!" Then came a sound of coughing. Something crashed against the door of the mistress's room and a large plate, belonging belowstairs, was found up there broken in ten pieces.

The thing that stopped all these manifestations was a Novena of masses said at Lourdes, for the better repose of the soul of the man—if it were a

man—performing these unearthly antics. The Abbe, up until the world war a parish priest in Normandy, wrote to the French Psychical Society at the time—

"I have been witness of all the things which happened at Calvados Castle from October 12th, 1875, to January 30th, 1876. I can testify that the things related cannot be the work of man. All the noises were heard, not by one person but by large numbers of witnesses attracted by the phenomena, and the many blows were so loud that they could be heard at a distance of 500 yards. . . How could a man have gotten into my room and changed the places of all objects without my seeing him? How could he have gotten on the chimney-piece and poured water on my fire in such a tremendous deluge as to cover me with ashes—and this in the daytime and in a time of drought? . .



HOW was it that the master's dog, a well-trained animal, showed no astonishment amidst the greatest noises? How explain the opening of a well-closed window before our eyes? The cries we heard were not the cries of human beings. Often the walls of the castle were so shaken that I was afraid of the ceilings falling on my head. Where could we find a man who could accomplish all that? I, for one, can think only of the Devil!"

Flammarion, the great French astronomer, took particular care to investigate the phenomena in Calvados Castle. He says after his researches were concluded—

"It is one of the best established bases within our knowledge. . . It seems to me that we cannot but feel authorized to conclude from all of it that there ARE invisible beings, who by exercising some power not understood by us at present, can surpass the use of human muscles in their strength to move material objects."



HE lay-reader, however, will not be satisfied with such an obvious conclusion. Who, or what, made the uncanny upset in this Normandy chateaux? We are confronted here with the eccentric ability of the so-called "human" spirit to identify itself with one locality after the sloughing off of its mortal encasement, and by the maniacal projection of its Thinking Personality, obtain a result on castle walls and furniture perceptible to the senses of living persons.

Of course it was a man—or a being that had once been encased in a human body—who made this particular series of upsets. But the little-known fact is apparent that the life-force to perform such supernatural antics seems to be drawn, or obtained, in every case—if spectators of such things could only know it—from the living bodies of persons in the vicinity.

Such freakish conduct is carried on by what is known in psychical research circles as a Poltergeist, or Mischievous Spirit ❀ ❀

A poltergeist is a person who has not yet successfully divorced himself from physical or mortal conditions within the arena of material objects. We say he "haunts" those objects. "Identifies himself with them" would be the better way of expressing a great truth.

One of these great truths yet to dawn upon humanity is, that the spirit of man is the literal controller of the mundane universe and all the forms and shapes that taken together assume the aspect of the state called Mortality.

It is not necessarily true that man in an adept state of control over materials needs an animalistic body—of muscles—by which to get him action. He seems to be able, under certain conditions, to get results directly by Thought ❀ ❀

This is one of the reasons why the Great Wits behind the scenes of Life continually impress upon us the im-

portance of Thought. ¶ It is Thought that does these things—impressing an Idea-Image so strongly upon inanimate objects that they respond to the urge incurred and perform as though physical means had been applied to make them alter their positions.

¶ Thought is the great arbiter of the universe in this. A man, commonly known as "deceased" may THINK himself so strongly into a given locality or set of circumstances that he literally becomes a part of them and makes them respond to his will proposals. It is merely necromantic to those who observe the results from the strictly mortal viewpoint.



POLTERGEIST or Prankish Spirit—it should be set down here—gets results not according to the weight of objects but according to the energy of his discarnate thinking, or desire to obtain the material results.

We are all of us poltergeists to some degree or other, if we only stop to give it thought. All of us have a streak of practical joking in our make-ups. But transfer this desire to impress people in startling fashion into the arena that maintains Behind Life, and things of the nature of those in Calvados Castle are apparent.

Strictly speaking, there is, and must forever be, no such thing as the Supernatural. Always people formerly human are behind these antics—and in nine cases out of ten they are merely mischievous discarnate children, or people not mentally matured.

When we ask why such persons do such things we pass from the realm of the strictly psychical and enter that of the psychological. The subject of Poltergeists is a broad one—almost as broad as the state called Insanity.

It is in the material results accomplished that we are most interested, and which we shall consider as we proceed with these papers.



WHY SOME PEOPLE HAUNT HOUSES ON FINDING THEMSELVES DEAD

THE DEEPER we probe into the phenomena that becomes apparent to us in Psychical Research, the more convinced do most of us find ourselves that we are delving into the mazes of plain everyday Psychology. ¶ Regardless of orthodox notions held generally to the contrary, people do not become all-wise, or super-human beings, merely by escaping from their fleshly encasements. Their dispositions do not change. The same things that entertained them, or appealed to their emotions while occupying their bodies will continue to have attraction for them in those states called Discarnate. A sober, serious person who has made Service his watchword toward his fellows while physically alive, will continue to make Service his watchword toward all other sentient psyches after he is graduated from strictly earth conditions. A flip-pant, mischievous person who has found strange satisfaction in plaguing other people while both of them were at mortal pursuits, will get the same impish delight in mystifying them or scaring them by his behavior when the disembodied state offers him wider opportunities. ✻ ✻

Why does it give a certain type of mentality or temperament, roguish pleasure to plant a sharp thumb-tack on the chairseat of a companion? The companion undertakes to sit in the chair,

suffers the protuberance to be jabbed into his person, and springs upward with a yowl. Thereat the jokester holds his sides in glee. The same urge will activate another person to spring out behind a door with a resounding "Boo!" to make some friend emit a cry of fright. ✻ ✻

We get back into the realms of the spirit's constant animosity toward confinement in fleshly mechanisms, acknowledging that the latter state is disciplinary with the one resenting the necessity for such discipline.

The celestial soul knows that it is superior to these kindergarten confinements of flesh, and should be able to command them at will, or be beyond the necessity for suffering them. But just about the time that it feels sure of itself in this regard, the physical takes control and shows its mistake—that it has by no means mastered the lessons of the mortal.

This jerking back to a realization that spiritual control in the ultimate has by no means been achieved, is the thing that makes for humor—harmless or pernicious as the case may be—in the program of life as we live it daily.

A pompous banker in a silk hat starts from his residence on a winter's morning. His physical carriage conveys that he considers himself quite in control of all the factors making up his world—and particularly his person. Suddenly a small boy espies the silk hat and

heaves a snowball. The hat goes rolling from the august pate, the banker makes an awkward clutch for it and slips on an ice-patch. With a wild gyration of his august arms he not only sprawls his length in the snow, but gravity takes control of him and an instant later he is hurtling down the grade bottomside up, sweeping all old ladies from their feet in his pathway. At the foot of the incline there is an ebullient amalgamation of Prince Albert coat and petticoats, and sundry heads and limbs that require much sorting out. ¶ All parties to the catastrophe have had it demonstrated that they are by no means superior to natural laws or supervision of their mechanisms—and that fact, wherever and whenever it is discovered or demonstrated, becomes excruciatingly funny.

Now then, the practical joker who goes in for redhot tacks on chairseats, is, in a manner, precipitating this condition of uncontrol, or deliberately forcing it. Of course he does not always succeed. He may inflict atrocious pain with no loss of control of the physical mechanism demonstrated. No matter! He is soliciting such vague satisfaction as comes to a soul when it can cause other souls to react, willingly or no, to its bidding ❧ ❧

"Look! I have control of a sort over the conduct of other free and independent spirits!" it says to itself. And by the condition of a sharp tack being put upon a chairseat, it proves from what follows that it is right.



Of course, if the jokester soul emerges from that demonstration with eyes blacked and front teeth knocked out, the debatable humor in the gesture

is in a measure, salvaged ¶ What we are interested in, at this moment, however, is the proposition that practical jokers want to joke on The Other Side as well as the state popularly called mortality. They want to see disquieted or

terrified mortals react to their bidding, or to the conditions they discover a way to effect. Being more or less intangible to the physical senses of their victims, their field of performance is enlarged. So they indulge themselves ¶ It gives them as much satisfaction in their disembodied state to scare people witless as it gives certain embodied people satisfaction to jump out from behind doors of darkened rooms and cry "Boo!" at some member of the family—who "jumps a foot" as a result.

Of course, after a time this sort of thing palls on the discarnate person responsible for it, or he finds other interests to occupy his attention. So the report goes forth that for some "mysterious" reason the "supernatural" phenomena in such-and-such a place have ceased. Or perchance a series of masses, said for the "repose" of his soul—if the miscreant has been a Catholic—bring home to him what a serious phase his behavior is taking.

If an individual in mortal life, given to puncturing people's buttocks with tack-points, should behold a group of devout prelates holding religious services and telling God all about him—or see a squad of policemen coming in at the door—he might suddenly realize that tacks on chairseats, are not funny.

In the discarnate state, a good sock on the jaw is, of course, impossible. Such spiritual quirks have to be straightened out by what we might call spiritual persuasions or appeals to logic.

The Poltergeist—or, as the Germans have called him, the Roguish Ghost—usually has to be studied and classified as an individual. His case is forever psychological, just as it is in mortality. And sometimes pathological!

If a man has been doing nutty things while in his flesh, so that his family and friends have consigned him to an asylum, he will doubtless do double the numbers and kinds of nutty things if suddenly freed from his body. If malformations of the body were responsible for that irrational state of mind,

being freed of the recalcitrant body will after a time permit normality to return. The desire to commit pure mischief is not the sole reasons for hauntings, however. Far from it!

Uniformly we find persons sticking to their earthbound states from a sort of obsession to adjust karmic conditions or work karmic compensations out of the order made and provided . .



HE ONLY real shock that accompanies Death is making the discovery that Death is a fallacy ¶ Half the people who make the Transition are

temporarily stunned to recognize that they have merely brought a sublimated form of themselves out of their discarded bodies, and that these sublimated bodies have senses of supernal delicacy, permitting them to discern aspects of the natural world that they had never dreamed as existing.

If they have been good church-people all their lives and reared in the Jewish notion of the Day of Judgment derived from the old pagan Egyptians, they will be at once in a painful bafflement ¶

¶ They will not have been popped out of their bodies into any celestial courtroom, where the Almighty puts in His time the clock around deciding the eternal destinations of saints or sinners. They will simply have become projected into a higher and finer octave of natural law, where in a majority of cases the mental takes precedence over the physical. And it is oftentimes a long and mentally painful process to become weaned from the pre-lethal notions of what was due to happen, and make the adjustment to the obvious Realities ¶

¶ "I'm not dead!" they cry over and over. "I can't be dead—see, I've got a body the same as I've always had!"

But operating mentally on the higher octave, they need a considerable time to discern that all apparent physical forms are also constituted at the same higher frequency. That comes to them

slowly. Meanwhile, especially if they have quitted their lower-frequency bodies under some sort of cloud, their minds are riveted on the conditions under which they have "gone out" ¶

¶ Perhaps they were poisoned by a relative who wanted their worldly fortunes. Perhaps they came to a drastic end when their motor cars skidded, and their wills to the old home place have been left secreted in a peculiar place so that loved ones are discomfited because they cannot find such and get them properly probated. Perhaps they died in prison for a crime they did not commit, and are insane at the injustice of the thing—noting that relatives and neighbors take it for granted that they were crooks on principle.

Such mental upsets cause a wracking of spirit that must somewhere find consolations. Blundering about, striving to master the technique that would convey to people still in mortality that they are still "alive" and demanding justice, they effect demonstrations on three-dimensional materials that frighten mortal folks half out of their wits.

"Don't go up near that old house up on the backroad," the new resident in the neighborhood is warned. "Old Jones, the tin-smith, hung himself in its attic and his ghost haunts the premises" ¶

But Old Jones never hung himself in that attic. A trio of young toughs broke into his bachelor domicile one night and hung him in vengeance for not finding a big poke of savings on his property ¶

Jones is trying to get it across to relatives and neighbors that he by no means died a suicide. Naturally he would confine his demonstrations to the place where he felt he had ownership rights. To begin fourth-dimensional manifestations in a schoolhouse in Florida or a blacksmith shop in Wisconsin, would mean nothing to anyone that would help solve Jones's problem. He stays about the premises to which he feels he has title, and groans, or bangs doors, or

slaps "phantom rope" against the walls when anyone approaches.

He knows in an abstract academic way that as a "ghost" he is scaring the town-folk witless. But maybe sooner or later some studious or scientific-minded person will come along and make a thorough investigation of the phenomena he is causing. Then the truth can be conveyed. Time means nothing to him in his higher octave.



THE EDITOR of this journal investigated one such "haunted" homestead not far from Ossining, N. Y., in 1930 and determined that two such disgruntled

individuals were responsible for the phenomena: one, a man murdered by thugs on the premises as long ago as 1888, the other a woman who with her husband had originally built the house as a residence. These two earthbound souls had continued to live as strangers on the property the same as they would have done in physical enhousement. But one wanted, somehow, to convey to his still-living relatives that he had not fled ignominiously into a life of crime as they had suspected at his disappearance. The other was angrily demonstrative at recurrent periods that present-day owners of the property were allowing it to fall into wrack and ruin after she and her husband had put physical lifetimes of loving effort into it. She was blinded from recognizing that her own earthbound obsessions and angers, having effect on materials, were keeping people out of it.

When the murdered man had recited the story of his fate, and the woman had been made to realize that the structure was continuing abandoned because of her spookish activities, both were content to vacate and move upward into higher and more important spiritual octaves. The supernatural manifestations ceased. Strangers bought the premises, remodeled and restored them. The "ghosts" had been "laid."

Most of the authorities on hyper-dimensional manifestation who have analyzed carefully the nature of all the happenings in Calvados Castle have reached the conclusion that an intelligent but earthbound spirit was seeking to reenact not one but a series of happenings that had transpired in that structure, for the particular benefit of the Abbe who probably had had something to do with their original performances in a previous life.

Letting oneself be physically terrified, babbling of "demons" and "creatures not human," shunning places where "supernatural" manifestations take place, all so much childish reaction to great natural truths in process of transmission from higher to lower octaves of consciousness ✿ ✿

Of course it is unnerving to hear an unearthly yowl come up from the cellar, or to hear a sound like a lifeless corpse falling out of the attic, or to sit before the fire on a cloudless twilight and have a cistern of icewater poured down one's chimney.

But how else could a definite story of actual events be portrayed in terms of action? ✿ ✿

Our radio entertainers are just beginning to learn how to tell connected dramatic stories by sheer sounds and naught else. Take a portable loud-speaker into an abandoned house and move it from cellar to garret as it tells the story of murder by duplicating all the noises, and no one will want to sleep on the premises—yet all of it will be naught but air-vibrations manufactured by the photo-cell within that loud-speaker. Bear this in mind if you remember nothing else: There seems to be no record in all the annals of psychical research whereof a living person has ever been attacked or injured by these manifestations of the "dead"!

The only deaths that have resulted from such events have been deaths from heart-failure—where people's imaginations stopped their breath o' life ✿ ✿



WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE AGE OF CHIVALRY



VERY little while you encounter a person who bemoans the cheapness and shallowness of our present culture and sighs for the good old days of Chivalry, when men had more "respect" for womanhood, when women made a business of being ladies first and female mortal creatures second, when fine deeds were glorified and life moved in a simpler and blunter pattern. Of course nothing is said about lack of bathrooms and toilets back in those halcyon days, of drafts in the castle o' nights that made morning arising an icy ordeal, of household filth heaved generally into the public streets, of both black and white plagues, and all the rest of the social discomfitures that marked an elemental stage of society. ¶ At present, Emily Post counsels all "gentlemen" when sauntering forth on the public streets with any reasonable specimen of the so-called Fair Sex, that the former should always give the lady the inside of the walk. People who do not know how this bit of manners originated, think that it must be a generous gesture for the man to take the side nearest the road in order to offer himself as first target for runaway horses or autos with broken steering-gears, and protect the Dainty Feminine from the dangers of road traffic. ¶ All the best historians in these customs, however, declare that gentlemen

started this sacrificial position when sauntering abroad with a feminine companion, to protect her, not from the menaces of the road but from the menaces of the air. In Ye Goode Olde Days before some benefactor of civilization invented the septic tank, the average medieval household had a pleasing little practice of opening the front chamber windows and heaving all slops into the street below.

Underneath all society's crudeness in such matters, however, we must admit that a somewhat higher social code was practiced otherwise. Ideals operated closer to the surface of humanity's activities than they appear to do today. ¶ Crude of mold though those distant forebears of ours were in cases, yet they preserved and sent down to posterity a candor of character that wins modern plaudits.

We are told that the world once knew an Age of Chivalry.

What precise thing is meant?



HE Age of Chivalry was an age of reasoning greater than today, strange as the assertion sounds in the light of modern learning. Men reasoned simply, it is true. But none the less they reasoned. And the reason that they reasoned is not hard to find. ¶ Humankind today has largely discarded the practice of Reasoning in

favor of Imitating. It gets its pleasures vicariously. It works in mass production—which is employing another man's reasoning who heads a great enterprise. If it wants entertainment, it does not bend muscle and sinew in physical contest. It watches a spectacle and gets pleasure—and what profit it can—in living the experiences of the participants in imagination only. It imitates the story of behavior in story-book or dramatic characters in the mirrors of its own fancyings upon the screen ✠ ✠

It enters into nothing tacitly itself excepting its own worries.

Thousands of men roar in wildest approbation when Babe Ruth knocks a homers over yonder fence. They do not give the slightest thought to the fact that the reason they roar is because it indulges them in a secret complex left over from boyhood on the sand-lot diamond to do exactly that thing themselves and be acclaimed by their companions ✠ ✠

The result of this piebald exuberation of activities is, that man in the main has become a circumscribed animal. He is taught not to think, for the trend of the age—mainly encouraged by the Jews in control of agencies of publicity—is away from all thinking.

Thinking would stop men from being human machines in an age of mass production. Thinking would halt the pernicious practice in politics and government of permitting a megalomaniacal five percent of our population securing an economic ascendancy over the other ninety-five percent.

And so thoughts are censored, or at least held to a minimum.

The student of cosmic behavior is aware that this produces a race of mental pigmies. Individuality is crushed. Man must be considered as a unit in the State, whether or no he enjoys it in his spirit.

This being true, it follows that periodically the Godhood in him rebels.

He wants action—old-time action—the

tilt of lance and clang of shield, the following into battle behind glittering banners, the joy of combat, the exercise of the physical self wedded to a conscious realization of why he so behaves in any given campaign or contest ✠ ✠

The trend of the present day is not away from war, no matter how hysterically the Jews urge it so as not to be obliged to go themselves.

The trend of the present day is away from the kind of war that kills a man by a bullet that arrives unseen, or a gas-cloud that permits him no opportunity to strike back.



OF the present think of the Age of Chivalry as a time of fair damsels rescued from distress by knights in heavy armor, of tiltings in lists, of fol-

lowing leaders who led in their persons, of the pledging of vows and the hurling of challenges, all the panoply of heraldry that gave color to existence. Existence was, perhaps, too colorful. It is painted in hues too extreme for acceptance, in case after case. The rhyme—

The knights are dead,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we
trust! . . .

—is the picture of an age when mankind lived hard, fought straight and in the open, scorned chicane, loved vigorously, hated royally, and withal made a pretty picture of an order of society not without its merits.

It is because that we of today are creatures of habit and increasing government mendicancy, that we turn our eyes fondly toward the days of chivalry, not because life was any better then, or because there is not an equal demand for gallantry on earth at present ✠ ✠

From every angle of Cosmos comes this shouted assurance—

The one-time Age of Chivalry is com-

ing back in a purer and better form than the world has ever known!



THIS coming back at a speed exactly proportionate to man's awaking to his stupidities at letting himself be used as the dupe of racial exploitation and the tool of machine production ¶ These things move in cycles. Mankind thinks and acts in cycles. Ages of great industrial activity are always followed by times of spiritual distress and apathy.

Spiritual apathy in turn produces a metamorphosis of character that turns man back to his Lost Beginnings, sends him back for his social cues, and generally makes him to realize that it behooves him to examine wherein he departed from spiritual rectitude.

A great teacher has said rightly that as the soul of man thinks, so moves the nation of which he is the unit.

Over the past three generations, the soul of man in America confined its thinking to industry and acquiring personal riches. The United States became the world's outstanding nation commercially in consequence.

Again and again, however, the Mentors who sit above humanity and contrive at times to communicate speech and counsel to those capable of hearing them literally, emphasize the following: "We tell you that a Rebirth of Chivalry is coming upon you!—not as fair tilt of Love and War, not even carnage in the better sense, but carnage perished and the soul of man allowed to grow and expand upon its own efficiencies, not at the instigations or corrections of its neighbors!"

We of the present day are exercised in our hearts at the general dullness and inaptitude of our so-called leaders. We are appalled by the dearth of great statesmen, social champions who truly counsel us with no racial or personal axes to grind, arbiters of moral destinies who keep us supplied with

visions making us to expand in our lives and renew our perspectives on the times and their trends.

But even as we deplore our missing leadership, so are we preparing our lives for a rebirth of all of the chivalrous instincts! And its coming is not so far off as some think.

Great programs of mystical instruction are being made plain to us. But greater than the exposition of any mere tenet, doctrine, or sublime elucidation, no matter how popular, no matter how sordid to those who cling blindly to orthodox notions, is the stupendous fact of the regeneration of the human race in temporary fires of social prerequisites ¶ ¶

People see themselves armed against the alien, who comes to them threatening them, compromising them with this or that financial or political strategy, upsetting their racial complacencies. Great social tumults are rife indeed. Those who sit on the Vantage-Points look upon a world hacked with strife into the doldrums, poisoned with many artifices as to the true intent of this or that people in national affairs.

But they preach a mightier sermon.

¶ They say that humankind never stood upon the threshold of a mightier Golden Age than that which is being ushered in with all this chicane and concernment, these strivings, these misunderstandings and even moral putrefactions ¶ ¶

A great stench pervades the earth today—from a carrion over which men struggle as bedraggled vultures. It is the carrion of a set of social standards that have well-nigh wrought their own destruction. The corpse of economic greed, animal appetites in industry, is a corpse indeed. But mankind will not recognize that it is quite dead and ought in the interests of moral health and the weal of nation to be buried ¶ ¶

Do not misunderstand. This is no counsel here to the absurd claim that mankind has already overturned all the

institutions that ought to be overturned in the interests of his spiritual pocketbook and treasure-chest of the moral scruples. Mankind has as yet overturned very little

But mankind is learning through suffering of a most peculiar sort that he has surfeited himself with inanimate luxuries, unorthodox machineries, involatile and disgusting lecheries upon his civic body in the matter of the conscienceless gunman, the racketeer, the scheming politician, the statesman who is mere stooge for the Dark Racial Element in humanity.

Until man is ready to have done with these by swinging out of his orbit of vicarious acceptances—or the practice of having everything done for him even to his recreation and his thinking—he will continue to suffer that prostitution of intellect that manufactures a prostitution of his armors of righteousness ❀ ❀

Say the Mentors again: "We tell you to be prepared for another Age of Chivalry by becoming chivalrous in the higher sense of the personal lives you are living as souls in mortality. By the higher sense we mean the individual acting and participating in life's dramas, entertainments, and civic and social responsibilities of every order. Today you earth people are all fearful of one another. You think you know one another by rubbing shoulders in the marketplaces. Yet you have the small child's self-consciousness at standing together for a common betterment. You think there is something awkward at taking part in public affairs that would give you the power of reasoning individually where now you are but anesthetized to do no reasoning whatsoever" ❀ ❀

Chivalry in its ideality is a wondrous thing. It cannot be explained by any other definition than that it is the power of the spirit to express itself practically and individually in making its altruisms literal. But bear in mind the greater tenet—

Chivalry really intrigues those of us who have read about it, or recall it dimly in lives long behind us, because it presupposes every sort of individualized action. And life at the present time is in a moribund state for want of such action. We are creatures of lassitude, with all our social experiences planned for us, entertainments and politics spooned out to us like peas.



EVENTY-FIVE thousand people attend one football game on New Year's Day because the excitement from the crowd and the thrills of the play are both flagellants and sedatives to their spiritual nerves. They say that there is something therapeutic about it. "It helps them to forget!" But why the necessity for forgetting anything? If they did a little reasoning, stopped being spectators at all of life's shows, and got in as participants in civic benefactions, they would have nothing in their lives to turn from in despair.

Over and over the Mentors have declaimed to us—

"Something higher and mightier than what you know now is calling you. It is the counsel to forceful expression of your God-derived Personality. And when you stand forth and declare it against all comers, and a nation of your fellow-citizens do likewise, you will know a sudden and perhaps dramatic liberation from the woes that you fancy beset you at present!"

In short, our thoughts turn back to the Knights of Old because they stormed up the castle tower and rescued the beautiful princesses in terms of Action which we now fancy is denied us. But the very fact of that denial will presently work inexorable reaction.

And the moment we cease becoming spectators and mass-machine operators, ethics and ideality must come to the fore as the New Code by which the game of Individuality is played.

The Age of Chivalry indeed!



WHO FAMILIAR SPIRITS ARE AND WHERE THEY ORIGINATE



OW often do you hear some overly pious person exclaim when Psychical Research is mentioned: "I never concern myself with such matters. I try to be a strict Christian and follow the Bible's instructions. The Bible states that we are to have no traffick with Familiar Spirits. If Psychical Research and Spiritism were not wicked, there would have been no such prohibition inserted in God's Word!"

Being slightly nettled by the somewhat lofty and priggish rectitude implied, you ask the person: "Then how do you get around the adjuration of St. Paul?" "What adjuration of St. Paul?"

"The adjuration in which he states that examining Spiritism is quite legitimate and commendable under certain conditions. Don't tell me that anybody who is so conscientious in obeying the Biblical stipulations, is not aware of all that the Good Book has to say upon these matters!"

The fundamentalist will commence to blink his eyes at that, nervously finger the divan cushions beside him, and debate within himself whether you are about to catch him in some sort of trap. He will finally ask in wary disgruntlement: "What adjuration is it, to which you refer?"

"St. Paul instructed the early church fathers: 'Test ye the spirits, to see that they be of God!' Now in all common-

sense, the implication is plain that if on testing the spirits we find that they be of God, it is all right to have traffick with them. If spirits are not of God, no one would want traffick with them anyhow, Bible or no Bible, in flesh or out of it."

Your fundamentalist will soon begin to evince a lack of interest in the subject. The fact of the matter is, that deep down in his soul he is scared to death of psychical matters, or anything relating to the so-called supernatural. Somewhere he has heard that the Bible "frowns" on human beings mixing up with the discarnate folks, and its prohibitive attitude suits his fright-complex right down to the ground. Push one of these people further, and you will discover that they have done no investigating about what Psychical Research is or isn't, do not know what breed of spirits metapsychics concerns itself with at all, have never opened a book on the matter in their whole lives, but once when they were thirteen years old they went down cellar in the twilight after apples and saw a queer old figure moving among the barrels, that looked up at them startled and as promptly vanished like a flag that is furled.

And along comes St. Paul and counsels them, or they think he does: "It's much more comforting to your general peace of mind to let the whole business alone." They would have felt equally as pious and "obedient to Christianity"

if St. Paul had likewise adjured them never to go into the cellar after four in the afternoon unless the place is well-lighted or there is someone with them.



UT there is no getting around the fact that the spiritual, mystical, and esoteric authorities—and authors of all ages—have steadfastly warned against having traffick with one breed of spirits that are designated as “familiar” even though squeamish fundamentalists see no difference between them and “those that be of God.”

The person who has a “familiar spirit” is by no means in the same class with a person who, in the olden language, had a devil or unclean spirit, though many unlettered fundamentalists think that as well—if it can truthfully be said that they think at all.

A Familiar Spirit must in all common-sense be a spirit that is familiar with a given person—that is, over intimate. This reduced to everyday language means a spirit that is always hanging around and giving demonstrations of itself like a misbehaved child, trying to put its ten-cents’ worth into every mortal situation, disturbing the guests in the spare room by appearing in their chamber after one o’clock and screaming “Raspberries!” at the top of their spiritual lungs, and generally trying to operate on the mortal and fleshly octave when it might better employ itself with business on the octave to which it belongs ✿ ✿

The Familiar Spirit is the earthbound soul of housewives’ gossip and fable, who mischievously or petulantly stays around in worldly conditions and makes existence a hell on earth for those who awesomely indulge it, by attempting to run their lives and affairs for them from the discarnate condition on the esoteric hocus-pocus that because they are discarnate they are thereby all-wise. The Familiar Spirit, in other words, is naught but the “psy-

chic kabitzer”—to use the Jewish term for people who look over the shoulders of pinocle players and advise them which cards they should play—who gradually begins to emasculate the mortal person’s judgment and initiative by doing his thinking for him and making up his mind.

That is where the real evil comes in, “harkening unto familiar spirits”—in that over a period of time the earthly person listens to the counsel of the familiar spirit as to the voice of God, or their own commonsense judgment, and becomes just a mortal stooge for some discarnate entity “who gets a great kick” out of seeing earthly people physically obey its thinking projected from another octave.

Particularly are persons who take up the altogether mystical business of Automatic Correspondence, so-called, plagued for a period by such psychic kabitizers ✿ ✿

St. Paul knew what every investigator in the metapsychical knows: that too often these psychic kabitizers are openly atheistic, or don’t even know half so much about spiritual matters as mortal people, or have personal axes to grind, or some temperamental reason for subverting Truth ✿ ✿

If they can gain the ear, or the pencil, of some novice student and impress upon him that they are God’s literal voice speaking to him, they can transfix him under a sort of hypnosis thenceforth. And that either tickles their vanity or serves their purpose of philosophical subversion.



PIRITS that be of God, as St. Paul expressed it—that is, spirits who recognize the sacred responsibilities in such aspects and demonstrations of supra-consciousness—never cut up such hijinks. They perceive that the most sacrosanct thing in earth-life is the integrity and expanding self-reliance of the mortal person, gleaning maximum

self-profit by making up his own mind on this or that as the experiences of mortality supply him with judgment and discrimination. They also realize that using inter-octave communication to talk about lost cats, lost rings, lost profits in last month's business, lost sweethearts, and in cases, lost morals, is cheaply profaning a stupendous and fecund process—fecund in the transcription of celestial laws and processes that could become known to worldly persons by no other method.

To exorcise all spirits into the same laundry-hamper, clap down the lid, padlock it, and ship the whole works to the dry-cleaning establishment known as Orthodoxy—or perhaps to the dog-pound where the contents is asphyxiated—is like saying that it is a wicked and unmoral thing to have paternal grandfathers because a forebear of the previous generation is down in the family annals as having drunk hard liquor, married three women, and finally been hung for killing a tinker.

Even St. Paul, like all the ancient authors on religious matters, had more sense 🌿 🌿



THIS is a despairing thing for an esoteric teacher to find himself having relations with a novice pupil who has let himself fall under the hypnosis of

some kabitzer thus discarnate. The teacher—having long-since trod the same pathway and learned the pitfalls—recognizes certain signs and tendings in the material which the novice starts to receive. "Be careful of Mischie!" he warns 🌿 🌿

Instantly, however, there is a feeling of perversity in the pupil.

"This teacher of mine is just jealous," thinks that novice to himself, "that I'll suddenly show a psychical development that surpasses his own. Or maybe I'll learn something ahead of the time that he aspires to teach it to me himself."

So the bilge starts to come over the

Miraculous Pencil. "You are the re-born soul of Saint Lizzie the Great," announces the psychic kabitzer. "Nevertheless, in all things you are to obey the Voice that is now addressing you. Dare to disobey it, or pay attention to the envious warnings of your instructor on the earth-side, and unnamable horrors will befall you."

"Who is this talking to me?" ventures the novice in such communication.

"This is the Angel Squeezlebug, who has condescended to take your training in charge."

"Oh my goodness!" thrills the novice. "I'm talking with an angel! Yes, yes, angel. What is it you wish me to do?"

"Go down to the corner drug store. Ask for a man named Blatz. You'll discover him drinking pink soda-pop. When you have located him, tell him to stop messing around with Joe Hamfatt's wife or it will be the worse for him! Hurry, hurry, or he'll be gone!"

So—anxious to do the Angel Squeezlebug's bidding, or the bidding of any other angels flitting around in the vicinity—the novice drops the pencil, jams his hat on his ears, and hastens to the aforesaid pharmacy.

"Our soda-fountain hasn't been working since October," says the druggist. "And besides, this is a Gentile drug-store. We sell drugs, not ham-sandwiches, automobile tires, or pink lemonade" 🌿 🌿

Back comes the disillusioned novice and picks up the Pencil, all out of breath and not a little puzzled. "There was no one in that drugstore but the druggist," he reports to "Angel" Squeezlebug 🌿 🌿

Blandly Squeezie responds: "We knew that, of course, when we started you out there. It was merely a test, to find out the extent of your willingness to obedience for vaster missions ahead." ¶ Whereupon a shot of poetical bald-erdash of a seemingly "profound" esoteric motif is transmitted.

And from the kabitzer's standpoint, the novice is "hooked" . . .

Of course, since Joe Hamfatt was not at the pharmacy, it must have been a test. Why else should an angel despatch a poor trusting mortal upon sterile errand? 🌿 🌿

The teacher could have told the novice that angels don't flap around, hurrying automatic-pencil writers out to drug-stores, or don't give themselves names, or don't submit pupils to tests that are blatantly labeled.

Instead of being any Angel Squeezele-bub, the motivating consciousness at the other end of the psychical phone-line is probably the physically non-clad soul of a gent by the once-worldly name of Gump, who departed this vale of tears by jumping through a second-story window for being caught in a chamber of an erring woman's husband.

¶ He is more or less ashamed to face his own relatives in his proper octave for his enforced graduation out of earth life, and is hanging around the octave of mortal consciousness hoping that sooner or later the silly novice who is harkening to his "angelic" kabitizing can be persuaded to take a sock at his ex-mistress's husband, he, the said Gump, not being able to do it, being physically without the fist.



THE instance is exaggerated, of course, but the substance should be clear. ¶ Gump has become a Familiar Spirit—or he becomes a familiar spirit, in the exact ratio that the bullheaded novice-pupil keeps on taking his dictated instruction, whether it comprise chasing out to drugstores looking for soda-drinkers who aren't there, or inflicting his vaporous or banal "psychic discoursings" on a calloused world in the form of publishings which nobody reads but the proofreader.

Earnest and sincere students have permitted themselves to become so obsessed by hypnosis of this origin, that cases are known where women could not go downtown for a shopping trip of an

afternoon without getting the "mentor's" advice as to whether to wear the black hat or the red one, and men have lost their All financially, consulting the "spirits" and taking their advice to buy Mousetrap Common instead of Limberger Preferred instead of the other way around—which would have netted them a fortune.

Probably the psychic kabitizer handing them the counsel is an ex-stockbroker by the name of Phool who committed suicide in the first year of the panic because he too had loaded up on Mousetrap Common, and lost his shirt, and now wants to see as many fellow suckers as possible be denuded of their torso-garments likewise. Only he never reveals himself as such. His name in the psychic writings is forever Saint Something-or-Other, or the Angel Bowsprit, or Azusa, or Mugwump.

A plague upon all of it!



THE EARLY church fathers knew their business when they instructed all novice Christians to steer as far as possible from discarnate advice givers, who from peeve or outright mischief might have played ducks and drakes with the faith of early-church children. And the esoteric adept of today knows his business when he tells the novice psychic: "Don't accept anything of your new 'mentors' that savors in the slightest of practical advice in material matters. Real counsellors will supply you with the laws of worldly processes and then expect you to figure out their application for yourself. Anything else would tend to rob you of judgment, discrimination, character, and initiative. And 'Spirits that be of God' are not such moral bandits! Be calm, sane, and non-inhibited in your spiritual recordings. This great psychical process is to counsel you in matters NOT of earth. Keep it up on that level, and the whole grist must turn out profit!"



STRANGE FREAKS OF LIGHTNING RESEMBLE PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

NINE out of ten shallow-pated people, confronted by manifestations of natural phenomena, will declare nervously: "It's nothing but electricity!"

¶ Electricity, indeed! As if using that term explained anything! What do we know about the nature and control of electricity, anymore than we know the nature and control of psychic transmissions—strange noises announcing deaths, clocks halting at the instant of transitions, pictures falling from the walls without knobs breaking or cords being impaired when people are in the act of making the Passing at a distance?

In 1904 Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, published a little book which he called "The Pranks of Lightning" in which he chronicled the following attested cases—

Objects moved without anyone touching them and no signs of burning or charring by the fireball.

Pictures torn from walls without the knob being damaged or the cords severed *ts ts*

A cupboard door torn off and hurled to a distance without the cupboard being otherwise damaged or crockery inside it disturbed in the slightest.

A chest of drawers torn to pieces and made kindling wood without any of their contents being singed.

Keys pulled out of locks by lightning

bolts, most of them never found, but in one remarkable case a key being taken out of a door and hidden in a nearby wooden shoe.

Bells rung continuously, as though an unseen bellringer were pulling on the rope *ts ts*

Push-buttons pressed so that they had to be pried out and halt the continuous bell ringing—no other part of the apparatus being affected.

A clock stopped, its pendulum unfastened *ts ts*

Watches, which had stopped, started again *ts ts*

Candles, gas jets, or electric lights lighted or extinguished—nothing else in the house disturbed.

A mirror unfastened from the wall and laid lightly on the floor, the glass not shattered *ts ts*

STRANGELY enough, children are rarely the victims of lightning—particularly very small children. The same author chronicles—

¶ Stones lifted neatly out of the hearth and placed in symmetrical piles on both sides of a slumbering child—the child not awakened.

Three children, in bed, thrown safe and sound out of a house while the bed in which they had been lying before the bolt hit was smashed in a thousand pieces *ts ts*

A pillow thrown to a distance outside a

house, without harm to the child whose head had lain upon it.

Stones, weighing tons, picked up like balls of thistle-down and hurled long distances, rarely if ever striking obstructions en route.

A hat turned perfectly inside out.



ORDINARILY we think of ball-lightning hurtling with a speed faster than the eye can follow. But ball-lightning is not always in a hurry ¶ One

case is of record where it pushed open a door as slowly as a sly intruder, and entered a room as though not certain of its reception.

Ball-lightning which played about a young girl like a puppy, not hurting her even with burns.

Ball-lightning which wandered down a Paris street in aimless fashion at five o'clock of a summer afternoon, just over the heads of pedestrians—all of whom turned and stared at it—then with its vagrant wandering satisfied, exploded with a concussion so terrific that it rendered many spectators unconscious ✠ ✠

The numbers of people struck by lightning and stripped entirely naked without otherwise being harmed, is surprisingly large. Garments are usually rent to ribbons, shoes violently torn off—even neckties have been untied and safety-pins unhooked from fabrics.

One case is of French criminal record where a woman, who had disguised herself as a man to escape capture for a misdeed, was stripped entirely naked by a lightning bolt while officers were in the vicinity trying to apprehend the culprit, and her sex thus revealed.

Another woman, similarly struck, was stripped of every vestige of raiment, yet every garment transported to a nearby tree where each was symmetrically hung upon a branch.

On December 9, 1907, in Rio de Janeiro, during a severe thunderstorm, an army lieutenant by the name of Vas-

concellos, together with a squad of eighteen men, was thrown to the ground by a bolt of lightning. The men got up suddenly as though tossed back by a spring. The officer remained on the ground, unconscious. His uniform had been torn, all the buttons upon it had mysteriously vanished, as well as money to the value of three thousand reis which had been in one of his pockets. His shoes were torn and hurled to a distance. The officer, however, was by no means killed. On returning to consciousness he was wholly at a loss to know what had hit him or how he had landed in such a dilapidated state.



HIS mysterious electrical force, arriving without warning or pattern, is no respecter of either religious persons or religious structures. In France a bolt of lightning killed a priest at the altar, bore away the "host" and hid it under a distant pile of rubbish ¶ One day lightning struck the Church of the Holy Savior at Lagny, France, knocked over fifty of the congregation already in an attitude of prayer, and smashed the altar, leaving suspended—no one ever figuring out just how—a picture representing the Christ.

The lightning carried away the curtain covering this portrait, however, yanking it from its iron rod without moving the rod or disturbing the series of copper rings by which the fabric was attached. It tore into four quarters the card on which was printed the list of prayers for mass, and most incredible and capricious of all, traced upon the altar-cloth the sacred words of the Consecration, omitting, however, the Supreme Names! The church otherwise was not fired and no further damage was done ✠ ✠

Most lightning-bolts mean instant death for the person being struck by them—it is said to be the most painless form of making the transition because the vic-

tim never knows what has happened to him 🌿 🌿

One case is of record where a miller's boy was struck by a bolt in a field and his body riven from end to end—it fell apart in two complete halves as though a gigantic cleaver with unerring stroke had severed him. The most minute organs and glands in his body were sliced through more adroitly than any surgeon could have done it.

Most bodies are instantly reduced to a weird grey ash when thus electrocuted—cases are of record where persons running to rescue, or pick up, such a stricken person have been horrified on taking hold of the limbs to have them squash in the grasp like mush or pull from the sockets like rotted fabric—and only an instant before the victim was an entirely normal human being.

Flammarion chronicled several cases in his book where such bodies were thus reduced to ashes but all the clothing remained intact, simply fluttering down as though the body had dematerialized. Conversely, clothing has been reduced to ashes and not a shred of the skin has been seared.



LN the matter of firearms, the butt end of a gun has been torn from the barrel, the butt carried into an adjoining room and harmlessly deposited upon a table ¶ Shot has been melted in a gun without the powder catching fire!

A young man crossing a public square was caught up by lightning and carried a distance of fifty meters—he was set down carefully, unscorched, and could not understand what kind of force had hold of him.

A hat has been thrown ten paces away without there being the least breath of wind 🌿 🌿

Gilding has been removed from every picture-frame in a house struck by lightning and not another sign of demolition on the premises.

Golden necklaces have been volatized

without leaving the slightest trace 🌿 Every nail in a certain satin sofa was reported as drawn in one remarkable case and the knot of them—without a single one missing—later found beneath a tile on the roof of the house outside 🌿 🌿

Lightning has gone through a house and touched nothing on the premises but all the metal money, causing it to vanish utterly in a twinkling and never be located 🌿 🌿

In July, 1911, lightning struck the office of the stationmaster in Figanaieres, France, and emptied all the inkstands, without leaving the least spot of ink anywhere in sight.

The same month, in Vinon, near Toulon, it emptied a pool in which a moment before had been three meters of water 🌿 🌿



WHETHER you care to believe it or not, lightning has the ability not only to photograph but to transmit pictures and designs to a distance. On June 17, 1896, a day-laborer named Ellison was struck by lightning in a hut near Pertuis—again in France—and the rays photographed upon his chest, through his clothing, the design of a poplar tree and again of a pine tree one hundred meters distant on the landscape. The laborer himself got up slightly stunned but otherwise safe and sound 🌿 🌿

He was somewhat surprised to find himself thus mystically tattooed, particularly so as the wounds did not burn. It was a unique experience on principle, to get hit by a thunderstorm and come in out of the wet nicely carved up with pictures 🌿 🌿

A more ancient but equally attested and celebrated case goes back to June, 1866, when a stroke of lightning that fell in Bergheim on the Upper Rhine photographed the leaves of a linden tree on the backs of TWO men, bowling both of them over but not killing them.

The learned physicist Hirn, who inspected the photography, reported that the cleverest draughtsman or artist could not have etched the designs more skillfully. The painless burns, if that is what they were, took years to fade away ✂ ✂

In the summer of 1865, a certain Dr. Dereindinger, a friend of Flammarion's, had his pocket picked while on a railway journey. His wallet was taken, in which was a considerable amount of cash. Arrived at his journey's end, he was immediately requisitioned to attend a local scamp who had stolen off the same train only to be felled by a lightning-bolt as he crossed the railroad yards ✂ ✂

Believe it or not, on the thigh of the stricken victim—who had not been killed—was embossed a replica of the silver monogram on the Doctor's wallet. At once it developed that the fellow was the thief. The wallet, with the original monogram intact, was still in his clothes and was recovered. But the thief himself, besides thus having his identity discovered, was permanently branded.



THE list of such "pranks" is interminable. But because we call them pranks, and let it go at that, how do we know that such is what they are? How do we know that ball-lightning, so called, is always that? Mayn't it be some form of exploded atomic energy, the modus operandi being supplied by some conscious entity in a higher—or lower—octave of consciousness? Because the exploding takes place with a display of fire and noise, we might say "Lightning!" and think no more about it ✂ ✂

But if lightning is a natural process, why does it never manifest exactly the same way in any two instances?

In one case it drew all the teeth out of a man's gums—every last one of them—when he by no means wanted them out, and did him no more damage. Where is the sense to such a freak happening? Everything else in Nature makes sense. But lightning, if such phenomena in all cases are such, is primordial Force gone berserk!



BESTOW on us Thy courage, Wise Elder Brother, that we may explore the mysteries of Great Cosmos as Gentlemen Unafraid! How came we into this world of wonders excepting that they should challenge us to render them simple? Wherein is the Gift of Acumen our birthright excepting that we should use it to encompass the Infinite? Out of the womb of Time and Frustration is born the child of Tranquility through Omnipotence. We seek to explore, to question, to probe, to revere through Understanding, to worship from our wisdoms. We subscribe to the doctrine of the Divinity of Man. We would flee the childish mischiefs in the Mortality of God—and yet in mortality we do recognize Immortality, in that nothing can perish that has Everlasting Life!



A NEW GOLDEN MESSAGE:

¶ "Sorrow is Ambition Not Yet Fulfilled"



EARLY BELOVED: I would sing unto you of Sorrow, that ye may grasp its harmonies; I would preach on what appalleth you, that your

wisdom may conceive in wonder-wombs of majesties!

2 Of old it hath been told you that the sorrow-laden errand partaketh of the Infinite; I say it is a blasphemy.

3 Sorrow hath its cajoleries that ye bedeck yourselves in memories, that ye dance unto the piping of the lay that hath been silenced.

4 But Sorrow is an accolade whereof God's Spirit knighteth you, it setteth as a garland on the brows of the compassionate;

5 Behold it is as spice of rare aroma pleading to the nostrils of grossly sleeping Godhood, it arouseth as a tocsin to thunders of great alchemies.

6 Are ye sorrowful, my brethren? I would dilate on your humor that ye may know its hoaxings.

7 Ye are legatees of hours overdripping with a gladness. But what, I ask, is gladness? Is it not smugness that Life hath yielded unto you, that fortune hath kneeled to you, that profits have wedded the gaugings of your valors?

8 Have ye not been glad in that Nature hath been gracious, that experience hath flowed gently as those streams that hold a lily-spread?

9 Have ye not witnessed the little star and cried: Behold it portendeth a night

of sweet languor! and have ye not reclined and offered sloth your vigilance? 10 Whereof breedeth this fond humor to relax and know the soothing draught, to repose in a security behind those shutters that defend you?

11 Hath it not come wherein that ye have striven? in that ye have challenged? from recallings that lions have stalked your stout footsteps?

12 Couldst ever ye know realities without fantasies to tease you?

13 Would the strong man test his brawn against barricades of willows?

14 Life's contrasts are its equities!

15 How perceive ye that the west wind breatheth gentleness unless the loud gale rend its havoc to the eastward?

16 The world is ever an arena, I tell you, where polarities contest and opposites are adversaries. Of such, behold Sorrow.

17 Sorrow is not grieving, for that were a moaning at childish terrors that have their roots in whimsies.

18 Sorrow is but concernments at ambitions not yet manifest, the desire that is not crystallized, the relaxing not yet merited, the wish that is not gratified, the goal that is not vaulted.

19 Sorrow is the conscious contrasting of Life's harvestings with values unbegotten in the womb of hard experiencings; sorrow is the lists wherein ye do your errandries, that affluence may challenge you to break your lance on hardship; it is the bride of Circumstance, the fence that coopeth Effort,

the gate that openeth on gardens not yet tended, the murk enshrouding Ignorance that Wisdom may be radiant. 20 I have said unto your vigilance: Behold there is a Lamp, behold there is a Book, verily there is a Pathway, verily a Voice;

21 But the earth containeth men who make me a response: Light for us the Lamp, read to us from the Book, show unto us the Pathway—verily tread ye it before us—let us hear the Voice that we may weigh its utterings.

22 I say to such as these: And how know ye that all be not imaginings unless the Lamp's blaze scorch you? unless the Book ennoble you? unless the Path's stones bruise you? unless the Voice proceedeth from your own throats and, placeth on your tongues the mood to cry your urgings?

23 Of these, I repeat, is Sorrow delivered. Of such are its travail and the wrench of its birth-bed.

24 Sorrow speaketh unto you and sayeth: Tomorrow must be fair because Tonight hath tempest; soft couches must spread for us, in that the noon-scorch hath left our hearts a wilderness.

25 Sorrow is but that mood in which Life's accounts are noted.

26 Hath not the licentious night ever bred the languorous day? hath not the sweet wish ever sired the empty folly?

27 Hath it not been said repeatedly of old that he who spreadeth his cloak beneath a thornbush shall arouse in evil dreams and feel its nettles pierce him?

28 Behold ye then Circumstance as the fiat of the Father holding the beam of experiencings in balance: 'behold ye then Mortality that runneth up the stony grade even as by still waters: behold your unfolding Divinity concerned with equal parts of witchery and element, that your souls may breed endurance to surmount all grades and barriers.

29 I say that Sorrow is your recognition of these equities, in that they exist, in that they involve you.

30 Sorrow is Life's challengings, it is your ledger-page of harrowings that the debts of joys owed you may be collected to the farthing; it is that stretch of your journeyings unfinished unto Enterprise of Loveliness that your wits may show you stalwart and your courage voice its vauntings.

31 In the speech of the usurers, Sorrow is the frequent need for that Trial Balance drawn off books of venturings, that those who are owing and owed be acknowledged, that debts may be paid and credits demanded.

32 Witness ye the fool who crieth in his heart: Pay me Life's rejoicings only, that I may be drunken with elixirs of apathies? Hath not his countenance the piggery of indolence? Is his throat not a rattle? Whenever was he chosen to cope with clever embassies?

33 The wise man hath said within his heart: How know I the thornbush for the fruit which it groweth, unless I strive to hew it down or clip it to a beauty? how know I the battle unless my weapon burnish it? whence cometh my strength unless I grow it wishfully?

34 Sorrow is the task to make the thornbush edible; it is the accounting-time of conscience to cleave the bewitchment from the merit; it lanceth disappointment and discloseth the health of the flesh lacking cowardice.

35 Of old, Sorrow hath come in unto you and ye have asked: What have we done that it shouldst afflict us?

36 I tell you, beloved, Sorrow is not pestilence. Sorrow is a garland, a bestowment, a loveliness, a tocsin; behold it abideth with the brave, it telleth them their stamina, it consumeth their despairs and raiseth them to kingdoms.

37 Sorrow portrayeth the measures of men's destinies unto their own spirits, it setteth the brand of excellence upon them, it marketh out their coursings, it trafficketh in eagerness, it escheweth temptation to seek ease in fallacies.

38 Be ye Men of Many Sorrows, for in that ye receive them ye are sheriffs of rich aeons!

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